## INDIANA AND ILLINOIS NEWS

Court Orders an Election Board to Reassemble and Decide a Tie by Lot.

Little Girls in the Role of Horse Thieves-Suicide of a Manufacturer's Insane Wife -Miscellaneous State Items.

## INDIANA.

Mandate Issued Compelling an Election Board to Decide a Tie by Lot. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

GREENSBURG, May 19 .- At the April election the Republican and Democratic candidates for trustee of Clinton township each received the same number of votes. The board of election adjourned sine die without casting lot to determine the winner, as provided by statute. A suit was begun by the Dem-

ocratic candidate asking a mandate against the board requiring it to re-assemble and cast lots. To this a demurrer was filed, and after exhaustive argument the court, Judge Study, to-day held that mandate would lie, and the board will be directed to cast lots. As this question has never been decided by the Supreme Court of this State, an appeal to that court will be taken at once.

A "Bad" Man's Fate. Greencastle Sun.

A young man, whose steam gauge registered a "jag" of eight hundred pounds, walked into Thompson's restaurant near the north depot, Saturday, and informed Frank Hill, the clerk, that he was a cowboy and a very bad man when he started out to paint. He also exhibited to the astonished clerk an ugly scar on his head. which he said was a relic of a hand-to-hand encounter and terrific tableau death struggle with the great Apache chief, Never-Miss-a-Drink. He finally insulted some lady customers and Hill pushed him out of the door. A rattling fight took place, and when the mill ended the cowboy had lost three teeth and received another ugly cut on the head. No one at the depot knew his name or where he hailed from.

Pettit Will Be Tried at Crawfordsville. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, May 19 .- This afternoon Judge Langdon sent the Pettit case to Montgomery county on change of venue, stating, in so doing, that the statute required criminal causes to be venued to the quired criminal causes to be venued to the most convenient county. The general belief is there is as much prejudice to Pettit in Montgomery as in Tippecanoe county. The prisoner expressed himself as not being disheartened at having to be tried at Crawfordsville, saying he would trust to the fairness of the people there. The trial of Mrs. Elma E. Whitehead, jointly indicted with Pettit is fixed for May 29 and both with Pettit, is fixed for May 29, and both sides are summoning witnesses. It will be

Little Girls as Horse-Thieves. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WARSAW, May 19 .- On Saturday two young girls, one aged fourteen, the other fifteen years, one of them colored, stole a horse and buggy at Benton Harbor, Mich. They drove the outfit to Elkhart, where they disposed of the same, and took the train for this city, arriving here last evening. The officers were on their track, however, and the girls were captured this morning by a Benton Harber official, who at once returned to that place with the wayward young females.

Stole His Employer's Wife. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MARION, May 19.—George Bolen to-day filed complaint for divorce from Lydia C. Bolen, alleging statutory grounds. The defendant eloped with Isaac Kendall, who was in the employ of Bolen, on the 6th of May. After a ten days' search for the run-away, Bolen gave the matter up, and asks for the relief stated. The pair appear to have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

Insage Woman Hangs Herself. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

FRANKLIN, May 19 .- Mrs. Hite, wife of John Hite, the carriage manufacturer, of this city, committed suicide this afternoon by hanging. She escaped the vigilance of her attendant, took a long towel and hanged herself in the wood shed. Death resulted from strangulation, as her knees almost touched the floor. She had been unsound in mind for several years.

Gas Well Breaks Loose.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. Marion, May 19 .- At Swayzee, last night, the pressure of the gas in the well that supplies the town blew out a valve, the escaping gas ignited and burned down the derrick and the regulator house, involving a loss of \$1,000. The citizens of Swayzee will have to burn wood until the well can be controlled and the damage repaired.

Minor Notes.

A couple of horses owned by Henry Freleigh, near New Palestine, were killed by lightning.

The switch-board in the Western Union telegraph office, at Crawfordsville, was burned out by lightning on Monday morn-Mrs. Addie Lyst, of Elwood, has brought

suit against Alonzo Starky, saloon-keeper, for \$2,000 damages for selling liquor to her B. F. Sanders, residing near Yorktown, aged seventy, dropped dead in the road near his home, Sunday afternoon, from

St. Joseph's College and St. Joseph's School for Indian boys will be established upon the site of the Orphan Asylum at

The daughter of Henry Stahlschmidt, of Evansville, was attacked by a vicious bulldog, which stripped the flesh from her legs

in several places. Lightning struck a tree in the yard of Thomas McKillup, at Muncie, and tore it to pieces, hurling a heavy fragment through the roof of the residence.

In the Franklin College freshman-class contest in declamation, held last evening. the judges awarded first place to Miss Edith Croft and second place to D. H. Zink.

There were six contestants. James Davis, who has resided in Montcomery count sixty-five years, died at Crawfordsville st Sunday. He was a native of Virginia, being born on May 24, 1816. He leaves a wife and five children.

The Greensburg postoffice was moved, last night, back near the location it occu-pied in former Republican administrations, at the northeast corner of the public square. Four years ago it was located down near the railroad and across the street from two saloons. Now, it is near a church and has no bad surroundings.

## ILLINOIS.

Prodigal Son of a Wealthy Banker Sends a Bullet Through His Own Breast.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. BLOOMINGTON, May 19 .- In the Commercial Hotel, at Farmer City, to-night, John Sherman Weedman sent a bullet from a revolver into his breast, and is believed to be dying. He is aged twenty-four, and is the son of the late John Weedman, a rich banker of Farmer City, and has been dissi-pating and reckless for years. He was in-toxicated when the shot was fired.

Struck by a Train. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

BLOOMINGTON, May 19.-Albert Schmokel a German laborer, aged forty, was struck by a Big Four train near Bloomington, last night, and received probably fatal injuries. His head was crushed and one arm torn off.

Brief Mention. Rev. M. Waller, of Monticello, has accepted a call from the Presbyterian Chuch at

Lebanon, Ky. Walter Johnson, an employe of Garregus Bros., of Bloomington, has disappeared.

Bloomington, Ill., where more mystery sur-rounds her movements.

The new Christian Church at Abingdon was decicated Sunday. Rev. P. O. Breeden, of Des Moines, Ia., delivered the sermon. Miss Jennie Fox, aged eighteen, daughter of 'Squire Joe Fox, of Johnson township, Clark county, has received a check for \$1,000,000, left her by the death of an uncle at Galveston, Tex. She is Clark county's first millionaire.

Sheriff Ashley, of Wheaton, captured a desperate burglar in an alley back of a bank Saturday night. Several shots passed between them without effect. A complete outfit of burglars' tools was found in the prisoner's satchel.

GAVE PROVIDENCE ANOTHER CHANCE.

How Denny Ryan Gave Up His Faith When Heavenly Assistance Failed to Appear.

When I was a young lieutenant, stationed at a remote post in Washington Territory. when I was a young lieutenant, stationed at a remote post in Washington Territory, thirty years ago, among other punishments devised by the commanding officer, Maj. Robert S. Garnett, who became a distinguished general in the confederate service, and was killed at the battle of Carrick's Ford, in West Virginia, was what the men called "the choke-box." It was a coffin-shaped affair, made of plank, which always stood upright against the outside of the rude log guard-house. It had a lid, which, when the offender was placed within the box with hands and arms close to his sides as if he were in a veritable coffin, was fastened on and kept in place by wooden pins. Just where the man's neck came, as he stood with head elevated, a piece of board cut so as to form a relatively snug collar, was slid in on a groove chiseled out of the two sides of the concern. There he was, could not move, but there was plenty of ventilation above his head by large auger holes bored in the planks; he could see nothing, of course, and the torture consisted of remaining in one constrained position for so many hours, more or less, at the discretion of the officer of 'the day.

The office of the hountal was a small.

more or less, at the discretion of the officer of the day.

The office of the hospital was a small room attached to the guard-house temporarily until the new building, in process of construction, was completed. While in there one morning chatting with the surgeon a soldier by the name of Dennis Ryan, an Irishman, of course, for some breach of discipline was placed in the "choke-box."

Now Dennis was a devout Catholic; always attended mass promptly whenever the good attended mass promptly whenever the good priest made his monthly visits to the post, read his catechism regularly, counted his beads and repeated his Aves and Paters at stated intervals, as required by the church, and was a firm believer in the virgin's power to perform all sorts of miracles upon the mere asking on the part of one of her

The moment the lid had been fastened down on the unfortunate Dennis we could distinctly hear him pray for relief from his awkward and uncomfortable position. He awkward and uncomfortable position. He commenced by appealing most earnestly to "The most holy Mary," reciting how devout he had been; that she could get him "out o' there" if she would. After more than ten minutes hard begging he evidently began to grow doubtful, then angry; waiting a few minutes longer, he said in a subdued tone: "Now, I'll give yees jist till I count twinty-five to let me out o' this; an' av yees don't, thin I'll not belave in yees anny more, an' I'll git drunk an' go yees anny more, an' I'll git drunk an' go till the divil! Now, mind yees-twinty-

Then we could hear Dennis count, in a slow manner: "Wan-two-three-foor," and so on until he reached his proposed limit. Waiting a moment, and no intervention on the part of her to whom he had appealed, he commenced his monologue appealed, he commenced his monologue again: Well, I'll give yees one more chance, an' av yees don't lit me out I'm done wid yees. I'll count a hundred this time; now, mind yees!" So he began: "Wan—two—three—foor," continuing until the hundred was completed, but still no heavenly assistance! Then he gave up in disgust, ending his declarations with: "I don't belave there's anny God! I'm done wid yees all!" He thereupon remained perfectly quiet until noon, when he was released and sent to his quarters. I don't know whether he ever recovered, as his company was shortly orrecovered, as his company was shortly or-dered to another post and I never saw him

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY. Some Idea of the Volume of Business Transacted by This Great Trust.

The amount of business in dollars transacted each day by the Standard Trust and its several dependencies can only be approximated, but some idea may be gained from the following facts: The present crude production averages in the neighborhood of 65,000 barrels a day,

about 85 per cent. of which is handled and ultimately bought by the Standard. The price of oil to-day, exclusive of piepage, ranges from 85 cents a barrel on Bradford oil to \$1 and \$1.05 on that from the middle and lower fields, or an average of about 93 cents a barrel. This entails a daily expenditure for crude material alone of about \$62,000. The daily shipments at present are nearly on a level with the runs from the wells, and these shipments fairly represent the amount of oil refined and sold.

The price of refined oil in barrels at wholesale ranges in round numbers, including the packages, from \$3.75 to \$5.50 or \$6 a barrel for the grades ordinarily used. fair average is \$4 a barrel; when the Trust sells to the consumer through its own agencies, the price is, of course, much higher, but even at the figures named, and deducting the percentages of lubricating oils and naphthas, or about 25 per cent., the refined trade alone approximates to \$180,-000 a day. The profits on lubricating oils and naphthas are much higher, and it is safe to say that the business in these

branches is close to \$110,000 a day.

Added to these figures are the pipeage charges, or 20 cents a barrel on every 60,000 barrels, a total of \$12,000; the storage charges on oil in tanks is between \$9,000 and \$10,000; the pipeage on oil to the sea-board, and to Cleveland and Pittsburg, which cannot well be determined in amount, but is not far from \$25,000, and the business in the Lima field, which is in the neighborhood of, at least, \$50,000. The total amount of business transacted each day by the Standard, including Sundays, is there-fore very close to \$400,000, or \$146,000,000 during the year.

Is this business profitable?
An answer may be found in the \$130,000,000 owned by John D. Rockefeller and in
the vast fortunes of his associates. A conservative estimate of the individual wealth of the Standard magnates, of the present value of its various refining plants, pipe lines, tanks and real property, places the total at \$750,000,000—all realized in about twenty-six years from an original cash capital of \$75,000, and by the use of brains, manipulation, with all that the term implies, and a surrender of self and other things to the one consideration of wealth and the means of obtaining it, no matter what might be the sacrifice of principle or

The Charges Against Mayor Grant. New York, May 19.—The Fassett committee resumed its investigation to-day. Lawyers Joseph H. Choate and W. Bourke Lawyers Joseph H. Choate and W. Bourke Cockran were present as counsel for Mayor Grant. It soon became apparent that another effort would be made to clear the Mayor of the charges made by McCann. L. Holmes, Grant's private secretary, who is said to have tried to get Mrs. Croker out of the country, swore he tendered his services to her upon taking a letter from her husband, saying he was very ill, and asking Holmes to see Mrs. Croker. John Claffin spoke for the good character of Thomas Adams, who, McCann said, was discharged by Claffin for dishonesty. Adams himself by Claffin for dishonesty. Adams himself swore Croker had met him once, but never said anything of \$180,000, nor had Adams seen it. He flatly contradicted McCann. A reputable lawyer swore he would not be-lieve McCann under oath. Other witnesses bluntly opposed McCann's statements and confirmed the Mayor's.

Bynum's Break.

Toledo Commercial Representative Bynum, known in Indiana as the Burnt Grass Statesman, has succeeded on several occasions in making himself at once conspicuous and ridiculous in Congress. Yesterday's disturbance was evidently to Bynum's liking, although such disgraceful proceedings in the national House are not calculated to inspire respect for the dignity of the assemblage or confi-dence in the good judgment of the men who are called statesmen.

Summer Nulsances.

Philadelphia Record. Walter Johnson, an employe of Garregus
Bros., of Bloomington, has disappeared.
leaving many debts.

The missing Mina Diechmann, or a girl
supposed to be her, has been traced to

With census enumerators, hucksters, peddlers, election assessors and supervisors to bang the bell, prudent honsewives had better prepare new bell wire and a bucket of hot water. GENERAL FAULKNER'S WILL.

His Widow Objects to His Property Going to Mrs. Francis Brown.

BUFFALO, May 19 .- The contest of the will of the late banker and politician, Gen. Lester B. Faulkner, develops some unusual and sensational features. General Faulkner was convicted of being accessory to the defalcation of his brother James, in Danesville's bank, but died before sentence was pronounced.

For many years General Faulkner, who was chairman of the Democratic State committee, lived with Mrs. Francis Brown, by whom he had two sons, who are now nearly grown up. Mrs. Faulkner now claims that she knew nothing of the relation between her husband and Mrs. Brown, and that she was ignorant of the existance of the two sons. On the other hand, it is said that Mrs. Faulkner not only knew of the relation, but that she was a friend of Mrs. Brown, and favored the intimacy of her husband and Mrs. Brown.

Brown, and favored the intimacy of her husband and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Faulkner now contests the will by which the General left his fortune to Mrs. Brown, averring that he was ferced by threats into making his will in favor of Mrs. Brown. Friends of Mrs. Brown are very much disturbed by the last statements, and documents in their possession indicate the very reverse of the state of affairs alleged. Mrs. Brown has made public a long letter from General Faulkner to her mother, Mrs. Shepard. The following are extracts from it:

"I am anxious that, under no circumstances of possible adverse fortune or business mismanagement in case of my death, should she, who is more to me than any man's lawful wife could be to him, and they whom her brave, devoted love have given me, be dependent upon either the sympathy or charity of any one, and especially of apy whose love is of that sort which could not survive what seems to them the great error of her life.

"While I have my head and hands free, I hope to guard Fanny so far as human endeavor may from every misfortune that can really touch the happiness of her life. At any rate this is my absorbing purpose and one which I have harbored long enough to critically examine. I have taken it upon myself to seeme those I love and myself

to critically examine. I have taken it upon myself to secure those I love and myself walk in the paths they cut out, however footsore we might be. I have been trying for years to tell Fanny how much I love her, and have not succeeded yet. I trust that my life or my death will prove to you that your fears in regard to her are quite

It is reported that General Faulkner and his wife made mutual wills, leaving the property of the one that died first to the survivor. General Faulkner later, as the story goes, revoked his will and made this will in favor of Mrs. Brown. The conse-quence would be that if Mrs. Faulkner died first her property would go, through her husband, to the Browns. This, it is said by some, is the provocation for the present proceedings to break this will in favor of Mrs. Brown.

THE ROCKEFELLERS.

Something About the Founders and Projectors of the Standard Oll Company. Philadelphia Press.

John D. Rockefeller, the head of the Standard, is a man of commonplace appearance, but in this respect he resembles the singed cat in the fable, for he feels better than he looks. He is rather above the medium height, of stout build, but round shouldered. His face is not a striking one, and usually wears an air of subdued melancholy. His sandy hair and gray eyes be-speak his Scotch extraction. He is plain and simple in his tastes, and dresses as cheaply as any one of his thousand and one

John D. Rockefeller's father was a physician, who early separated from his wife The boys were born in Cleveland, but spent their early years with their mother in Os-wego, N. Y., where they had Benjamin F. Tracy, Thomas C. Platt and Isaac Catlin for schoolmates. As a boy, John was counted dull and heavy witted. Early in the history of the Standard, Rockefeller showed that he was an almost unfailing judge of men and possessed of masterly powers as an organizer. Nearly all of the deals which have given the Standard its present power and prestige were devised and engineered by him.

He is a very secretive man, keeps his own counsel closely, and has few friends and fewer confidents. He owns a controlling interest in the Standard, and Henry M. Flagler said not long ago that his fortune would finot fall below \$130,000,000. More than a quarter of this is invested in real estate and in railroad and bank stocks. His income is not less than \$10,000,000 a year, and a good portion of his time is spent in and a good portion of his time is spent in finding sources of investment for it. It is said that he holds that a man should never retire from business, but should go on accumulating money until the end of life, spending his money wisely, and for the benefit of others. Rockefeller obeys the first part of his creed to the letter. He married a Cleveland school-mistress, who

is now a sweet-faced, gray-haired woman The Rockefellers have a handsome mansion on Fifty-fourth street, New York, and a summer home near Greenwich on the Sound. The wife is as careful and economical as the husband, and they live plainly and unostentatiously. Both husband and wife are devout church members, and the former was for many years superintendent of a Sunday-s hool in Cleveland. He gives constantly and freely to church purposes, and is said to spend \$500,000 in this way yearly. The eldest of his three daughters is married to a young Baptist clergyman.

An entirely different man from the directing genius of the Standard is his brother, William Rockefeller. The latter is a fine-looking splendidly-huilt man fond of the

looking, splendidly-built man, fond of the good things of life, and less taciturn, and more companionable, and more easily approachable than hisricher and more famous brother. William Rockefeller's private fortune now amounts to \$25,000,000.

He has now practically retired from business and takes things easy. He is a business and takes things easy. He is a great lover of fast horses, and though close and rather tight-fisted in small things, he has got together a stable which has cost him something like \$300,000, and which contains some wonderfully speedy animals. His horses are installed in splendid quarters near Greenwich, Conn., where he bought seventy acres of land a few years ago and laid out one of the finest private trotting parks in the land.

WHERE COURTESY WAS LACKING. A Man Picks Up a Fallen Package, but the Owner Refuses to Take It.

New York Tribune. There have been a good many letters written to the newspapers recently, and consequently no little discussion, about the "decline of courtesy"-women's neglect to show gratitude for men's little civilities and men's unwillingness to sacrifice them-selves for women who are strangers to them. A favorite example has been that of yielding seats in horse-cars and elevated trains. Perhaps some one had just been reading one of these letters. At any rate, the conversation turned toward this subject, and each man began to give his views on the subject.

"I don't know how other people feel about it," said the senior of the group, a man about fifty years old, of dignified ap-pearance and courtly in demeanor, "but I find that when I am tempted to keep my seat and to see a woman stand I ashamed of myself. Something makes me feel cheap, so that I havn't the courage to look her or anyone else in the eyes. For my own peace of mind, therefore, I prefer to give up my seat and stand, however to give up my seat and stand, however tired I am. I must say that I have seldom met women who failed to recognize this little compliment to their sex by some sign of appreciation, a pleasant nod, a graceful smile, or a quiet and conventional 'thank you.' Perhaps this is because I am getting old, but that is neither here nor there.

"I can say, though, with perfect truth that I have had one experience where a well-intended act of courtesy not only did not elicit any word of thanks, but on the contrary, caused the woman evident annoyance. And I could hardly blame her, although I was terribly embarrassed by her

"I was in Boston at the time (don't smile, you self-satisfied New-Yorkers), and went to the Boston Museum to get seats for one of Booth's performances. There was a long line before the box office when I took my place at the end. The one in line before me was a woman, handsomely but quietly dressed. The people moved so slowly and the wait was so wearisome that we kept no direct line but were turned, some one way "I was in Boston at the time (don't smile, you self-satisfied New-Yorkers), and went to the Boston Museum to get seats for one of Booth's performances. There was a long line before the box office when I took my place at the end. The one in line before me was a woman, handsomely but quietly dressed. The people moved so slowly and the wait was so wearisome that we kept no direct line, but were turned, some one way, some another. In this way I could not fail to notice the woman's wonderful com-

curt manner.

plexion. It was dazzling in its delicate tints of rose and white, and one could almost see the roses in her cheek fade and blush by turns. I am afraid that I found her complexion so perfect that I was impolite enough to stare at her a moment when I thought she was not looking my way, for she turned her head, and after that I could only see the pink and white of two delicately-fashioned ears.

"When she reached the box-office and serious and serious delicate-

"When she reached the box-office and selected her seats and was opening her pocket-book to pay for them, a small package slipped from her hands. I saw it and grabbed at it to catch it before it struck the marble of the floor. Of course, I missed it, and as it fell I heard a slight crash of glass. Picking it up hurriedly, I offered it to her, but she crisply declined to touch it, saying: "Please let it lie on the floor."

"I stood there rather sheepishly, holding

'I stood there rather sheepishly, holding it, when I felt a cold, cream-like mixture steal between my fingers. Looking at the package, I saw, to my horror, that the wrapper had been torn enough to show on a bottle's side just two words, 'Face enamel.' The woman had started for the stairs, with a crimson hue in her cheek's that no enamel, no paint, not even the most highly colored brush of nature, could equal. As for me, I dropped the bottle with a crash and fled dropped the bottle with a crash and fled like a coward, not waiting for my tickets. As I made my escape I heard several snickers. They were all women's."

STEVE'S RECKLESSNESS.

Cowboy Whose Anxiety to Please and Dense Ignorance of Poker Proved Fatal.

Dan Quin, in Kansas City Star. "Yes," said the old cattle man, as he took off his sombrero and gazed meditatively at the rattlesnake band which environed the crown, "cow-punchers are mighty queer people. They need watchin' an' herdin' nearly as much as cattle. I knowed one by the name of Stevenson down on the Turkey Track ranch, in Texas, as merited a heap of lookin' after. This yere Stevenson wasn't exactly energy, but bein naturally restless an' peevish, with a disposition to be emphatic whenever he was filling of himself up keepin' your eye on him was of himself up, keepin' your eye on him was a good safe play. He was public sperited, too, in his way, an' sometimes took lots of

pains to please people.

"I minds once when we was bringin' up a beef herd from the Panhandle country. We was up agin the south bank of the Arkansaw tryin' to throw the herd across. There was a bridge there, but we allowed it was pleasty week so we was makin' the it was plenty weak, so we was makin' the berd wade. Steve was posted at the entrance of the bridge to turn back any loose cattle that might take a notion to try an' cross that away. Thar he was, a settin' on his bronco an' both mighty near asleep.
Some women people—towerists I reckon—
as was camped in town, came over on the
bridge to see the fun. They was lined out
close up to Steve an' a leanin' of their
young Eastern chins on the top rail a lookin' down.

"'I don't regard this much,' says one young woman, there am't no thrill into it. Why ever don't they do something excitin'? Why ever don't they do something excitin'?'

"Steve sees the young woman is displeased, an' as he couldn't figger nuthin' else out quick to entertain her, he gves a whoop, bangs his six-shooter off into the scenery, digs his spurs into the hoss an' hops over the side of the bridge into the shallow water below. The jump was some twenty feet, and busted the peny's leg like toothpicks, besides breaking Steve's collar bone an' dispersin' of his features around mighty free an' frightful on account of his sorter lightin' on his face.

"Well, we shot the pony, an' Steve rode

"Well, we shot the pony, an' Steve rode in the grab wagon four or five days recoop-eratin' of himself. It was just the mercy of hell that he didn't break his neck.

"'Whatever did you jump off for?' I asked
Steve when he was comin' round.
"'Well to amoose that she short horn as
was cussin' us,' says Steve. 'I wasn't
allowin' for her to go back to the States malignin' of us cow men as low sperited

"Steve got himself killed, a year after, an' struck out on the big trail where the hoof-prints all p'ints one way. He was over on upper Red river gamblin' round with the cowboys when he got creased.

"Steve never oughter gambled none. He was a good cowboy—splendid round-up hand—an' could do his day's work with rope or iron in a brandin' pen with anybody; but comin' right to cases he didn't know any more about playin' poker than

know any more about playin' poker than about preachin'. Actually, he bet two pair like there was no record of their bein' beat. This yere, of course, led to frequent poverty, but it didn't seem to teach Steve nothin'.

"On the occasion of his demise, one of the boys got hold of a tray full: Steve bein' pessessed of a club flush, queen at the head. That settled it. In two minutes he didn't have even his blankets left. "After he went broke Steve histed in a drink or two of nose-paint an' soured around a whole lot an' just as the tray-full boy gets into his saddle, aimin' to go out

to his camp, he comes along up, an' hails "'Do you know,' says Steve, mighty gloomy, 'I've been tryin' to school myself to bear it, but I can't, an' I'm therefore

here to say as how you stole that pair of kings as you made out your full hand an' completed my ruin. This bein' troo, I'm just goin' to draw on you for that bric-a-brac I lose, an' I looks to see you honor the draft unmurmuringly.' "'Oh, you do, do you?' says the tray full boy, mighty scornful. 'Well, you're a heap too sanguine. You just send the draft

through the clearin'-nouse an' watch it ge thrown out a whole lot. Do you suppose I

gives up the froots of a tray full—as hard a hand to hold as that is? Well, I guess not; not this round-up, son.' "'Don't get flippant about this yere robbery,' says Steve. 'It's enuf to be plundered without bein' pestered with ill-timed gaiety. Now what I say is this: Either I gets my stuff back, right here now, or our succeedin' conversation will occur in the smoke,' an' thereupon Steve pulls his pistol and takes hold of the tray full boy's hoss by the bridle

by the bridle.
"'If anything makes me more weary than anoth, says the tray full boy, 'it's a gun par, an' to avoid such exhibitions I freely returns your plunder, but you and I don't

returns your plander, but you and I don't play cards no more.'

"So the boy gets down off his hoss an' Steve thinkin' the debate is closed puts up his gun again. But he was a heap too hopeful for the next second; bang! goes the tray full boy's six-shooter, and the bullet ketches Steve in the neck. It bothered his breathin' to such a limit that in two minutes he quit tryin' all together, an' that afternoon we had a basty, but mighty successful funeral with his remainder. cessful funeral with his remainder.

"I don't reckon,' says Gene Watkins, who was range boss, 'there's no need of havin' any trials or lawsuits about this yere killin.' I've knowed Steve for a long time, an' liked him, but them views he kept entertainin' as to the value of poker hands leads straight to everlastin' life, an' this yere sorrowful episode don't surprise nor stampede me none whatever. His death should be a warnin' to us."

A STUDENT'S BRAVERY. How the Famous Evanston Life-Saving Station Came to Be Established. Chicago Post.

The life-saving station at Evanston had its origin in an accidental circumstance. An old resident of that pretty suburb tells the story, which proves anew the old adage that tall oaks from little acorns grow. It is the custom of the students to walk across the campus of the students to walk across the campus of the college from the dormitory to the recitation-rooms. One morning, years ago, two students, one named Hartsell and the other Scoville, were enjoying this walk. As they looked over the expanse of water Scoville thought he saw a speck on the surface, and called his com-panion's attention to it. Hartsell could not see the object. Together they ascended into the observatory, procured a telescope, and after a look they came to the concluand after a look they came to the conclusion that it was a log. Another and a longer look satisfied them that whatever the object was there were living human beings on it. Both surmised that what appeared to be a log was the remnants of the wreck of a vessel. Hartsell was an excellent swimmer, and he undertook the task of saving the men. His companion tried to dissuade him from the trial, but Hartsell would not listen to him. He had learned to swim in a heavy sea, and at this time the waves were running very high. time the waves were running very high. So, seeing that Hartsell was determined to out after the men, Scoving necessary arrangements and ordered a close carriage to be ready to drive Hartsell to his room immediately upon his return to shore, so that he might, as far as possible, be re-

The citizens of Evanston were very enthusiastic over Hartsell's courage, and soon after they called a meeting at which he was the chief object of their praise and attention. A purse was raised and a com-plete set of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was presented to him, accompanied by an appropriate testimonial. The importance of Evanston as a point for a life-saving station was at once recognized, its natural situation strongly recommended it as such. This incident in which Hartsell figured so praiseworthily was the prime cause of the location of the station there, and since its establishment it has done much admirable work. Hartsell is now a preacher in New Orleans. He has made a high reputation as an earnest and eloquent Methodist

cells, and when injured it hears by the formation of a new layer of cork. When the tuber grows in water, or in a wet soil, the tuber grows in water, or in a wet soil, the cork layer thickens at various points, producing many little warts on the surface and rendering the cuticle less resistant of decay. If the excess of water continues for a considerable time decay sets in, and the starch and tissues of the tuber become discolored. But if the decay is arrested the cork layer forms between the decayed and healthy parts, and the potato is "scabby." The trouble is, therefore, the result of excessive moisture from a wet soil or wet weather.



## GORMANDIZING,

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant

If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in morning, on arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria - then you need to follow up the use of the Pellets with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons - no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. Unlike other blood-purifiers, it operates equally well at any season of the year. It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion. On the contrary, it retards fermentation and promotes all the digestive and assimilative processes. It is as wonderful and peculiar in curative results as in its chemical composition. There is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. Therefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit. Manufactured by World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



HAVE YOU TRIED

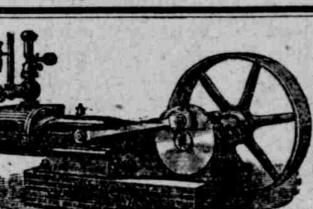
Sold only by first-class dealers. Ten cents straight. SHROYER & CROSS, Distributing Agen 21 WEST MARYLAND STREET.

NATURAL GAS SUPPLIES

Tubing, Casting, Pipe, Cordage, Rig Irons, Drilling Tools, Brass Goods, Malleable, Galvanised and Cast-iron Fittings. Complete line of House-fittings for Natural Gas.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS,

68 South Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind. TELEPHONE 364.



STRONG, WELL-BUILT, SERVICEABLE STEAM ENGINES

work. Every engine tested under full load.

For descriptive circulars address CHANDLER & TAYLOR CO., INDIANAPOLIS. IND.



EDUCATIONAL. DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL ENTER NOW, (Established 1860.) INDIANAPOLIS (Reorganised 1886.) SUSINESS UNIVERSITY N. Penn. St., When Block, Opp. Postoffice. HEEB & OSSURM, Principals and Proprietors. Best course of Business Training. Book-keeping.
Business Practice, Banking, Short-Hand, Type-writing, Penmanship and English Branches. Experienced instructors. Patronized by best people. Individual instruction. Open all year. Students cuter
any time. Educate for lucrative positions. Time
short. Expenses moderate. Business men call on us
for help. Most highly recommended. Write for full
information. Catalogue free.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Quiet, inexpensive and pleasant. Send for circulars, also, special rates for three months.

A. A. WILSON,

Maryville, East Tennesses. CAPON SPRINGS AND BATHS.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY, W. VA.

150 MILES from BALTIMORE, 115 from WASHINGTON, With its SUPERIOR MINEBAL WATERS. SUPERB SUMMER CLIMATE, In a
Beautiful Mountain region. Just the spot to lay
life's weary burdens down, and have a lovely summer
home. For medical and other testimony, send for
namphlet. W. H. SALE, Proprieter.